STORIES OF JESUS

RETOLD BY
A. GERTRUDE KROTTJER

WITH PICTURES
FROM FAMOUS PAINTINGS

A Merry Christmas
& A Happy New Year
Birthday Greeting
From
Frederick Mercer Jr.
DASH

STORIES OF JESUS

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good"

Stories of Jesus

Retold by

A. Gertrude Krottjer

WITH DRAWINGS
FROM FAMOUS PAINTINGS

Also
ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS
by
JOSEPH EUGENE DASH

"JUST RIGHT" BOOKS

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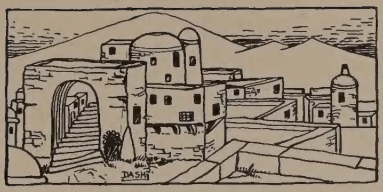

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"The man whom I shall kiss twice"
—*From* STORY OF JUDAS

The Shepherds

IT was a merry day in the castle of Herod the king. All was laughter, merriment and mirth, and although this had gone on for days and days, they were never before so gay.

But in the kingdom, outside of the castle walls, it was different. The people were treated harshly and most of them lived in poverty and pain. There was only one little gleam of light peeping through the gloom. It was the promise of the Redeemer who was to come to bring God's forgiveness and redeem them to paradise where all would be joy and peace.

Now this promise had been made over and over again down through the ages. All the little grandchildren had been told of it by their grandmothers and so on until everyone knew the old,

old promise. The people never once grew weary and waited and waited for that blessed day. Each time a new baby came, its mother hoped that it might be the Divine Child, the mother who had no babies prayed that if one should come, it might be the Child of Promise.

So it happened that while Mary sat in her room making her wedding gowns, she thought of that beautiful promise. She looked very lovely sitting there in her robes of white, her golden hair falling over her shoulders. She was dreaming of the day soon to come when she would marry Joseph of the Royal David's family.

Farther and farther away Mary's thoughts carried her and at first she did not notice a strange bright light which began to fill the room, but soon it grew so bright that it drew her eyes from her sewing. As she gazed, the light dazzled her and she saw an angel in robes of shining white, with wings reaching from the shoulders to the floor. Nearer and nearer the angel came

and Mary's heart beat a little faster with fear, but when she heard the gentle voice of the angel, deep happiness filled her heart.

"Joy to thee, Mary," the angel voice said. "Hail, full of grace, the Lord loves thee; blessed art thou among women and thou shalt bring forth a son and He shall be the Redeemer and called Jesus."

Quite suddenly the light faded and Mary sat a long time all alone, very happy with the wonder of it all.

Time rolled on and then came a day when Mary and Joseph were ordered by the Roman King to come to Bethlehem to pay their taxes. It was a long journey and when evening came they were weary and worn and began to look for a place to rest until morning. There were many other people who had come to pay their taxes and there was not room for them all so Joseph could find no place in which to sleep. They trudged on and on but still no room could

be found. At last a kind old innkeeper said they might rest in his stable. There the air was cold and the cave dark and damp with only a bed of straw on which to sleep, but they were thankful for even that.

And here upon that night, just as dawn was peeping through the darkness, the promise so often made was kept. The great King left his Kingdom of Heaven and came down to the stable as a tiny infant. It was the great King of whom all the prophets had talked, of whom David had sung to his lambs, the King of the many golden promises.

There were no fine robes in which to dress Him, no royal cradle in which to lay Him, and no kind friends or royal bells to tell of the joy of His coming. There were only swaddling clothes for Him, a manger in which to lie, and only a faithful donkey and some gentle sheep to welcome Him.

And came down to the stable as a tiny infant.

Up among the lonely hills, not very far from where the little Christ Child was born, some shepherds were watching their flocks that night. It was bitter cold out there in the open but the hungry wolves and bears must be kept away from the wooly little lambs as they slept, and so the shepherds sat around great large fires all night and kept as warm as they could. Sometimes they sang and sometimes they told tales as they watched.

It was while they were sitting around this great fire that they heard the sound of voices. They came from above and as they strained their ears to listen and looked up into the starry sky, they saw what seemed to be the gates of Heaven opening and a glorious light shine forth from God's throne. The voices grew clearer and clearer and the light grew larger until they saw that it was a host of snowy-white angels singing sweet music.

The shepherds gazed at one another, trembling with fear at seeing the heavenly vision and hid their faces in their hands as the angels came closer and sang:

"Be not afraid for we bring you tidings of great joy. To you this day in Bethlehem is born Jesus Christ the Redeemer. Glory to God in the Highest. Peace on earth; good will to men."

They were then told to follow the gleaming star that now appeared in the heavens which would lead them to where the baby lay, and then the white-robed messengers disappeared and there was a deep silence on the hillside.

The shepherds now rose and began speaking in low tones.

"Let us go to Bethlehem," they said, "and see the word that has come to pass, the promise that has been fulfilled."

They prepared for the journey following and watching the star. Into their bags they packed little gifts for the new born king. There were only some lamb skins and snow white fleece to wrap the baby in besides some little cakes and milk and fruits, but it was all they had and given with the true love of their hearts.

Over hill and dale they followed the star until it suddenly stopped over the little stable where the Holy Baby lay. Soft music came to their ears again as they knocked at the door, but this time it was the mother Mary singing lullabies.

Such a beautiful child! Around its face was a wondrous light that seemed to fill all the place. It opened its eyes very wide to see the strangers as Mary held the baby close to her heart. She believed that He would be all that the angel had said of Him and she was proud as the shepherds bowed to Him.

After offering the child the gifts they had brought, and praising God for the wonders they

And offering the Child the gifts they had.

had seen and heard, the shepherds went back and told all around of the lonely watch on the hillside and of the glorious vision that had come to them out of the silent sky that winter night.

Three Wise Men

* * *

ON that very night that the shepherds were led by the star to Bethlehem, three wise men in the Far East saw the star as it shone in the heavens. These men were very rich and were also called Magi because they knew all about the stars and their homes in the sky. Thus it was that when they saw this new star, they knew it must be the Star of Promise that would lead to the Redeemer and for which they had been waiting so long.

In the Far East, just as everywhere in the world everyone was anxious to see the new King, so the wise men hurried to get ready for the long journey.

The great star shone down upon them and led them to Jerusalem. There they asked of the King where to find the Heavenly Babe. Herod's

gayety at the castle was for a little while ended then, because he was afraid that his people might want the new King when he grew up and would punish Herod for his cruelty toward them. He grew more and more afraid and all that night he lay awake and cast about in his wicked heart for a plot to rid himself of the child. At last he thought of a wicked scheme. He decided he would ask the wise men to learn exactly where the Child was and then come back to tell him. Then he planned that after the wise men had gone, he would send his cruel soldiers to put the little King to death. All night he planned and schemed and in the morning he sent for the wise men.

"You must learn all you can about the child," the king said, "and then come back to tell me so that I too may go to worship Him."

The three wise men promised to do as asked by the king and started out again. The star

And started out again.

still shone down to light and smooth their way. It was only six miles to Bethlehem and at mid-day the star stopped over the little stable which was the home of the baby. Joseph opened the door and asked them to rest for he thought they must be very tired. When they were rested he took them to see the child, now lying in the lap of its happy mother. In its little face was the Divine beauty, and seeing the angelic child, the three wise men knelt on the rough stones of the stable floor, their heads bent in lowly worship. There was every sign that this was the Promised King, the Son of God.

Praises to God went up through the roof of the little hut and as a sign that they believed Him to be the King, they offered to the babe gifts of gold, myrrh and frankincense. These gifts were only given to baby princes and Mary's heart filled with joy when she saw that these

They offered to the babe gifts of gold, myrrh and frankincense.

It was only a short distance now.

three wonderful men believed her little son to be so great.

That dawn an angel appeared to the wise men and told them not to return by way of Herod's castle but to go home another way, so Herod's bad scheme did not turn out as he had planned.

The feasting, song and laughter had stopped in the King's white stone palace and Herod was filled with gloom and regrets. Pacing up and down the long wide courts, pale with rage, he clenched his fists and ground his teeth.

"Those wise men have mocked me," he said, "but there is still another way. I will send out my cruel soldiers to put to death all the young babies. Not one shall live and the new born king will never wear my crown."

But on that very night an angel of the Lord appeared to Joseph in a dream and told of Herod's wicked scheme. Joseph told Mary of the dream and though it was still midnight, they wrapped the precious baby in a warm shawl and

Herod was filled with gloom and regret.

stole swiftly and secretly into the silent night to hide from the king's fury. Their hearts were heavy with fear as they hurried on into the darkness, but when the first bright rays of dawn peeped over the hills, God gave them fresh courage and they walked even a little faster.

Toward Egypt they went for there they knew would be safety. The day was one of those spring days that come from behind the stars with gentle winds. The hills and valleys were crowded with flowers, bushes and trees bursting with their first buds. The Little Boy Jesus nestled in the arms of His mother with tender trust as they hurried on, farther and farther away from danger. God was with them and they traveled many miles in perfect safety and comfort.

At nightfall they sat down to rest on the banks of the river and let the cool water wash against their hot wearied feet. The lovely wan-

dering eyes of the baby Jesus began to blink and Mary nestled Him closer in her arms and swayed Him to delicious sleep.

The fields grew darker but a thousands stars began to shine in the sky and when they had rested, out into the sweet-scented spring night they started again. Quite soon in the distance they saw a circle of sparkling lights from the city which told of certain food and shelter. It was only a short distance now and soon the little family were safe in the little town where King Herod could never find or trouble them.

Where Herod could never find them.

Simon and Hannah

AT the altar rail the yellow tapers blazed and the tall lamps breathed out their incense. The organ pealed forth and the chorus of children's voices was sweet as honey. Old Simon and Hannah worshipped in their white robes for it was a great day in the temple. All the wee babies were to be brought to the church.

For many years these two old servants had worked for God in this temple. They were very old and feeble now and God had not forgotten to bless them for their years of service. He had promised to show them the divine baby, the Savior, before He would call them to their heavenly home.

As always, old Simon and Hannah talked today of the promise, their blessing. How they

longed to see the baby! As they knelt to pray among the other of God's people, they prayed that the day might soon come.

Hush! the creak of an opening door! Simon and Hannah looked up. A gentle mother with a tiny babe pressed close to her breast was softly entering the church. Hannah rose to greet the mother and babe and led them down the aisle to Simon. What a dear soft and dimpled baby, she thought.

The babe with great wide child eyes began to look all around. Those long rows of pillars and the gilded altar, the burning candles, all was so different from the little old cottage in which He lived.

Old Hannah tenderly placed the babe in the arms of Simon at the altar. He uncovered the tiny head and the baby reached out His tiny

hands. Simon saw baby eyes, brighter than jewels, in the little angel face. A golden light filled the room and for a few moments Simon could hardly raise his eyes from the little face. Then great tears of joy sprang into his eyes and rolled down the withered cheeks.

"Hannah," the old man called softly. "Hannah, it has come."

Together they knelt before the altar and raising their eyes to heaven moved their lips in prayer:

"Lord now let Thy servants come to Thee in peace for our eyes have seen Thy promise!"

The bright sun sent its warm rays through the window panes and flooded the altar where they knelt. And then and there, the two old hearts so full of peace and joy, were carried by God to His home in the heavens.

John

JOHN lived a very happy life. He loved nature and played near the streams and in the woods from dawn to moonrise. Sometimes at night he would lie down on the grassy bank of the Jordan under the boughs laden with sweet blossoms and look up at the stars thinking. He would think of new ways in which to tell the stories of his bible, and in the morning he would gather about him a crowd to tell them of Jesus who had come to save them. The crowds listened eagerly for it seemed no one could tell stories just as John did. That was because God had taught John how.

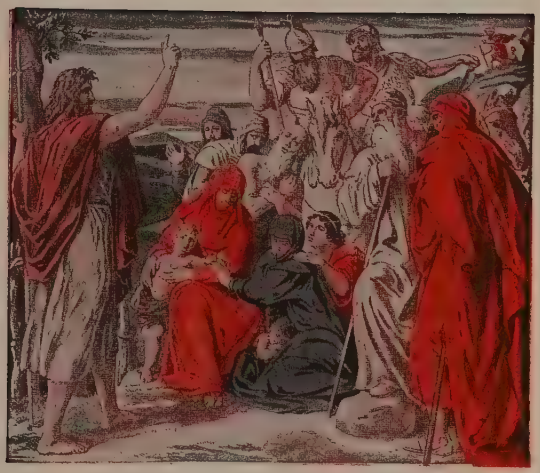
As John grew into manhood, he became a missionary and went about in the wilderness

from early spring to Indian summer, bringing people to God through his stories. At the edge of the wilderness was the river Jordan and there he put the Savior's token of baptism on the foreheads of his people as a symbol of cleansing their hearts from sin. Many believed in him and followed him day after day.

Upon a certain morning as John was baptizing in the Jordan, Jesus, now grown to manhood, came to be baptized. John felt that he was not good enough to do this and said:

"I have more need to be baptized by thee, and comest thou to be baptized by me?"

But Jesus did not listen to that. He bade John do as He asked. Together they waded out into the stream. The sacred rite was finished and then the most wonderful thing happened. There was in the air a sudden rustle, soft, as of the wings and murmur of the turtle doves. John raised his eyes to heaven and there in the sky came a spot of light. It grew whiter and whiter and through the blue of the clouds



Bringing people to God through His stories.

came a host of white doves. Above their heads the doves circled and floated for a moment and then one came gently down, perching on the head of Jesus, and a voice was heard saying:

"This is my Beloved Son in whom I am well pleased."

Again there was flutter and flapping of wings as up again the doves floated until they were lost in the blue of that bright summer day.

The people standing on the river bank now bowed down and thanked God for what He had shown them.

The Favorites

THE many wonders of Jesus quickly spread abroad. From Galilee and Jerusalem and from about the Jordan they came to hear His words and see His powers. All who knew Him loved Him, but out of His band He chose twelve tall youths as favorites. Everywhere the Master went, they went too. Through all His joy and through all His sorrow these youths never left Him. They had learned to see the beauty of His life and wanted to be like Him. Day after day they followed, learning from Him all they could. They wanted to be taught how to live more like their Master. But most of all they wanted Jesus to teach them how to show others the true way of life too.

On a certain day then, Jesus asked His favorites to come with Him to His beloved mountain so that He might teach them.

"It is to have you to take my place when I am gone that I would like to teach you," Jesus said.

That day the mountain slopes were green to the top with shrubs and grass. They climbed up the rocky sides, up over the rocky ledges, leaving the village far beneath them. Under a shady oak that over-looked a pleasant lake, they sat down. The air was pure and fresh and gave them the feeling of always wanting to stay right there. The old earth seemed so dull from up there in the blue mystery of the magic mountains.

Up there Jesus began to teach His favorites. First He taught them the lines which we call the beatitudes, or thirteen rules for happiness. After that He taught them the Lord's prayer and then the Golden Rule and other lessons. How well He told the lessons! It seemed to them that they never could forget now that it seemed so much easier to know how to lead the true life of a Christian.

The happy hours had raced on and by this time darkness had fallen. It seemed all too short. They had listened carefully and now as they came down the mountain to go home, they pondered over the things deep within their hearts. Tomorrow they would go to teach their brothers in the valley.

Peter, John and James

* * *

THE way up the mountain was hard and rough, but Peter, John and James willingly followed the Master. As they climbed the steep sides, the sun was setting and casting a golden rose color over the huge rocks and wild flowers that grew on every side.

At length they reached their little place of worship. The sky was dark blue now and lighted by thousands and thousands of little stars. All was so still that the old earth seemed hundreds of miles away.

There in the splendid silence they all knelt to pray. A long time they stayed there, until at last the three favorites grew drowsy and fell sound asleep.

They had really been asleep a long time, though it only seemed a moment, when they

Willingly followed the Master.

were awakened by a wondrous thing. The space where Jesus knelt grew a golden light. It grew brighter and brighter as the seconds passed and then so dazzling and wonderful that it nearly blinded them. The next moment they started back a little in wonder as from that spot of wondrous light came three men. Their robes were as radiant as the sun and a halo encircled their heads. They spoke in a low calm voice.

"These are the voices of Moses and Elijah," Peter whispered, and as they looked and listened they seemed to forget the world below them. They thought they would like nothing better than to spend their life there, away from sin and evil.

Peter spoke to the Master at last.

"Master," he said, "It is good to be here. Let us make three tents in which to live so we need never leave. One for Thee, one for Moses and one for Elijah."

But while he was still speaking, a cloud, looking like a bundle of silvery mist, came over them.

The favorites became afraid, but the voice, as soft as down, that now spoke, soothed them.

"This is my beloved son," the voice said, "Hearken to Him."

Scarcely were the words spoken when the cloud rose up and joined the floating city of clouds above and the favorites were alone with Jesus as before.

Meanwhile a dawning day had come and they went slowly back down the rugged stone stairway, a greater love for their Master born in their hearts.

The Poor Woman

FROM up among the lonely hills Jesus came one morning and quietly entered the temple to pray. A solemn stillness brooded at the altar, but presently a wave of voices broke upon the silence and there was loud shouting in the court. Looking out Jesus saw a crowd of proud scribes come down the broad path scolding and shouting. Between them they dragged a woman who cried pitifully for mercy.

"Master, Master," they called as they saw Him. "This is a wicked woman. Now Moses in the law told us to stone such a one, but what sayest Thou?"

Jesus did not answer. He knelt down and pretended to write with his fingers on the ground

Pretended to write with His fingers.

as if he did not hear them. The people knew the forgiveness in Jesus' heart and if he were to forgive this sinful woman they could say that he had broken the law of Moses. It was this that made Jesus wait to answer, while he cast about in his mind what to say.

Again and again the people asked Him, their voices growing louder and louder. Jesus then raised up His kind face and said sternly:

"Hush! Hush! He that is without sin among you, let him cast the first stone at her."

Again He knelt and pretended to write on the ground.

These kind words which Jesus spoke filled the scribes with shame. They had been foolish enough to believe that Christ might think they were without sin themselves, and could doom this poor woman.

The woman trembled with fear as the crowd left the courtyard and Jesus saw great large tears falling from her closed eyes. He longed

to soothe and comfort her for he saw that she was truly sorry for her sins. Putting His hand on her shoulder, He said gently:

"Go and sin no more. If thy soul be wounded, we shall heal it with the balm of our blessed faith."

The Good Samaritan

ONE of the many ways by which Jesus taught His lessons was by telling stories. The story of the Good Samaritan was told by Jesus to teach us to love our neighbors and to do to them as we would like to have them do to us.

It was the story of a Levite man who went from Jerusalem to Jericho. The way lay through lonely places and a dark woods and it was known that many robbers lived in that woods. The Levite had heard of the cruel things the robbers often did and he was a little timid. The rustle of the bushes frightened him and each time a loose stone slipped from beneath his feet, he would look about, fearing that someone was following after him.

Hardly had he entered into the deep of the woods, when he saw just what he had feared. From behind the trees came black figures, creeping toward him. They were muffled in long black robes with hoods drawn over their faces.

Nearly mad with fear as they seized him he struggled to become free, but they bound and beat him with sticks. After robbing him, they left him, wounded and bleeding by the wayside.

It was not long before a Levite priest came that way.

"Surely the priest will help me," the wounded man said to himself. "He will not leave me here to die."

But the priest only ran away from the sight. He was afraid the robbers might seize him also.

In a few moments another man came by, a singer in the priest's choir. The wounded man could hardly speak or open his eyes. Oh! how he wished that the singer would help him. But instead the man only looked a moment, crossed

to the other side of the road and then ran, even faster than the priest had run.

But bye and bye, when all hope had faded, a Samaritan came over the road. Now the Samaritans were of a different race and faith and had been treated cruelly by the Levites, but the good Samaritan held no dark thoughts in his mind. His heart filled with pity and he gently lifted the wounded man from the hard ground. He washed the wounds with clear water that he carried in his pouch, and poured on healing oil. Then he wrapped the Levite in a warm cloak and placed him on his own faithful old donkey. Away he hurried with the wounded one to an inn. All through the night, while the wounded man slept, the Samaritan watched and cared for him. Even when morning came he would not leave the poor man in danger.

"Here is money," he said to the inn-keeper. "Take good care and when I return in a few

The good Samaritan

days, I will gladly repay you if you should need to use more money."

With these words the Samaritan left, feeling joyful in having helped the poor stranger.

"Of such is the Kingdom of Heaven."

The Little Children

JESUS was in the temple healing and teaching his lessons through stories. All the people thronged to hear the wonderful things He told. Many thought that to just touch His garments meant that they were forever safe and well.

Mothers brought their children to Him to be healed. How Jesus loved the little children! Little lame boys and girls were made well. Others who were blind and had never seen the bright sunshine or the stars or the moon were made to see again. Sometimes Jesus stopped to tell the children beautiful tales. Always He told of the greatest joys coming from little services

Mothers brought their children to Him.

done for others and of God and His paradise where all were eternally happy.

The favorites thought that the children should not be allowed in the vast multitude for both inside and all about the temple were crowds of grown-ups, all anxious to hear and see Jesus.

This grieved Jesus deeply because He knew how very close little children are to God and how pure their little hearts are. He knew that if grown ups would only let God dwell in their hearts as He dwells in the hearts of little children, they would be as happy and as contended as the little children are.

Jesus scolded the favorites and took the little children in His arms. He asked that all the other little boys and girls be brought to Him. Some leaned against His knees and tiny tots climbed up in His lap. Then He blessed them one by one, saying:

"Suffer the little children to come unto me for of such is the kingdom of Heaven."

And the people went home.

Turning to the people, he said, "Except as ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

That was a beautiful lesson and the people went home having learned a new way to help reach the kingdom of heaven.

Water and Wine

* * *

IN Cana and Galilee this mid-summer morning, there was a wedding. All the bells in the city rang out as the guests trailed over the yellow stones of the courtyard from the church. The little pages blew their horns and the crowd came down the path laughing and singing. In their arms they carried the bridal gifts of pearls and jewels.

It so happened that Jesus and His mother were among the wedding guests. They had helped make ready the handsome dwelling for the feast. The dining hall blazed with splendor. The little cakes made of sugar and plums and things, and the fruits and nuts were all ready to be served. There were pretty baskets of

grapes and the goblets for the wine were set at the place.

It was the custom to serve wine in those days as soon as the guests arrived, and the maids were beginning to bring in the large silver pitchers. After a glass or two had been filled, they were surprised to see that the pitchers had become empty. This was considered very bad manners and the bride and groom would be in very bad graces unless more wine could be found at once.

"More wine!" the guests called. "More wine!"

By this time some of the guests were already beginning to make fun of the bridegroom and Jesus felt very sorry for him.

And now came the time for the first of the many wonders of the Master.

"What shall we do?" Jesus' mother asked. "Something must be done at once."

She had so much faith in her son that she was sure that even now he would find some way out.

"Bring to me the six large water jars that stand at the door," Jesus answered, and away the servants hurried.

The jars were heavy because they were filled to the top with water, but it only took a little while to bring them in.

Jesus mother was so happy. She remembered the many signs in her son's childhood that proved Him to be the messenger of God. Nothing could please her more than to have the guests see His greatness too.

The huge jars were placed beside Jesus. He simply raised His eyes to Heaven, moved His lips in silent prayer, and then began to fill the goblets. Not with water, but with grape red wine!

The jars were placed beside Jesus.

The Wild Sea

IN the little fishing village, the fishermen were just turning their nets full of silvery fish when Jesus and his favorites came. They had come to get a boat in which to row out to sea. Only there could they find the much needed rest. The day had been filled with tasks of love, but evening found them all very weary.

No sooner had Jesus lay down to rest than a deep sleep came over Him. The rowers steered the boat out a little way and they too lay down to rest.

Toward midnight the men were awakened by a strange rumbling. Looking up they saw black clouds hurrying from their hiding places in the

sky. A little fear pinched their hearts for they had heard of furious storms on that little sea. The clouds grew even blacker and the angry waves began to beat against the boat. The darkness grew more and more dense as the waves lashed higher and higher. Their courage sank. Yet through it all, Jesus slumbered on. The winds howled, the waves roared. The ever rising tempest shrieked aloud. The men lay upon their oars in fear, still Jesus slept on.

"Be brave," they told themselves, "Jesus is with us!"

Now the loud peals of thunder seemed to tear the clouds into shreds. The flashes of lightning lighted up all with a glare. The angry waves whirled around in white sheets of foam, chilling the favorites with the spray. And yet Jesus did not awaken.

As they were very much afraid, the favorites tried to awaken Jesus, but their voices could not

"Master, Master, save us, for we perish."

be heard above the roar of the storm. Terrified, they shook him, shrieking

"Master, Master, save us, for we perish."

They expected Him to rise up hurriedly and be alarmed, but He only partly opened his eyes and looked about. They fell on their knees.

"Master, Master," they cried again, save us. Do not leave us in this misery to die among the wild seas."

Jesus stood up and His face grew grave.

"Oh ye of little faith," He said, "Why are ye so fearful?"

He stretched out his hand over the waves and bade them be still." Scarcely had the words left His mouth when there was a hush, stillness and peace. The roar of the winds became a gentle murmur. The choppy sea calmed and spread itself out as smooth as a mirror.

Over the vast gray sea the stars began to twinkle and the lights in the fishermen's cot-

tages, tucked away among the rocks on the shore, could now be seen again.

The men gazed at one another.

"Truly this is the Son of God," they said to each other. "He has the power to bind even the winds and the waves and make them do His bidding."

The Loaves and Fishes

THE sun had set and twilight stole over the trail that led to the little fishing village. Jesus with His favorites and band of followers had been away all day giving His healing cure to the sick and suffering and they were weary and worn as they traveled the trail looking for a grassy field in which to rest. It was past the supper hour but they could not eat for the food which they had carried in their baskets that morning had all been eaten.

As the hungry cries of the little children reached the ears of the favorites, Phillip said to Jesus:

"Send the people into the villages to buy food for they have nothing to eat."

Jesus was touched with pity for them.

"Let us give them food," he said.

"We cannot," Phillip said, "for there are five thousand people and there are only five loaves of bread and two small fishes in the basket of one of our little boys."

"Bring the baskets to me," Jesus said, "and bring the empty baskets too. Then tell the people to sit on the green grass in rows."

So Phillip hastened to find the little boy and quickly brought back the baskets.

The host of people looked on in wonder as Christ raised his eyes to Heaven, and moved His lips in silent prayer. Taking the loaves and fishes, He blessed them, and with love and kindness beaming from His eyes, He gave the basket to his favorites and told them to pass the food around.

The crowd was filled with wonder and awe as they saw that the baskets did not seem to become empty but always to fill up again.

When all had been fed, Jesus asked the favorities to gather what was left and there were still twelve full baskets.

The vast crowd now saw His great Divine power and began murmuring and saying among themselves:

"This is of a truth that prophet that shall come into the world."

And they sang praises and believed in Him.

The Fishermen

SIMON and Andrew, James and John and their father Zebedee lived by the Sea of Galilee. They were fishermen but they had given up their work to follow Jesus and help in teaching the gospel. Sometimes at night they would cast their nets into the sea and in the morning take the fish they had caught to market. This was their way of earning money to buy food.

Day had just dawned and the fishermen were drawing up their nets. How they loved to turn

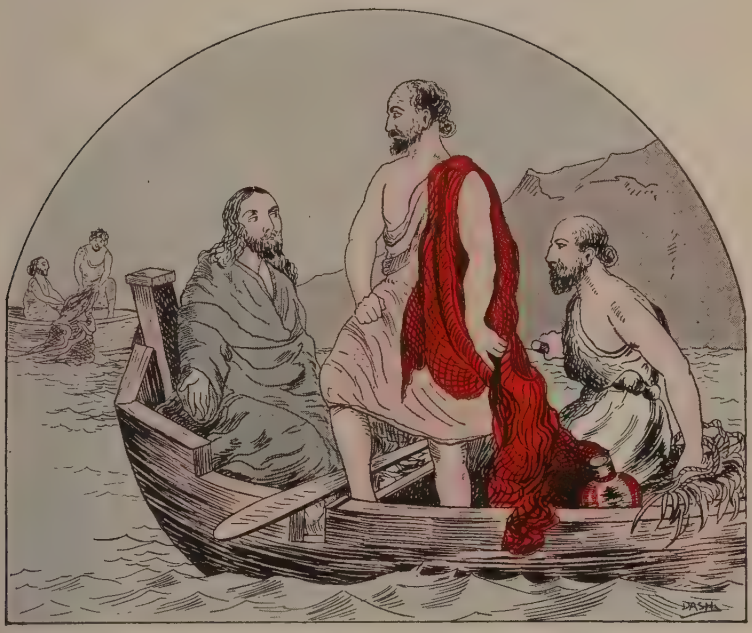
the nets and see the many fish that had been hidden in the depths of the sea! But this morning the men were sad and discouraged for though they had fished all night, not a single fish had tangled itself in the net. It meant that they would get no money and might even have to go hungry.

Just as they were drawing the boat upon the shore, they saw Jesus standing there. He saw they were discouraged and wanted to cheer them.

"Put out into the deep water and cast your nets on the right side of the boat," Jesus said.

"Master," Simon answered, "We have fished all night and not one fish has been caught, but if Thou sayest, we will let down our nets once more."

So saying they pushed the boat from the shore into the water again as Jesus bade them. All of a sudden the water grew troubled and nearly tipped the boat, and as they gazed into the dark green sea, they felt the net grow heavy with fish.



Simon and Andrew could hardly draw up the net.

They were so many that Simon and Andrew could hardly draw up the net and they feared it would break. When they turned the fish into the boats, it seemed as if it must sink with its new weight.

Again the divine power had shown itself to these men and they were happy that Jesus was their wonderful Leader.

The Old Cripple

AT the gate of the temple the old cripple sat all huddled up. Pale and faded and clad in rags, he begged daily. Always he was thankful for only the little scraps thrown at him, but today he was softly sobbing, his face buried in his hands, for there was not even enough in his cup to buy tomorrow's bread. The people had jeered at him and passed him by.

As Peter and John came up the path, the lame man felt a little thrill of hope. He hobbled toward them and threw himself upon the earth before them sobbing heart-brokenly.

"Have mercy," he begged.

Peter's heart was filled with pity. If only the Master were here, he thought, he would heal

the poor beggar. He remembered how Jesus had gone through the narrow lanes to the humble peasants and among the poor fishermen, seeking to heal and to save. If only he had the power to cure that wretched man, he thought again.

"Give that I may buy bread," the man cried.

Peter looked down at him tenderly.

"Gold and silver have I none," Peter answered, "but such as I have I give to thee freely."

Lifting his eyes to heaven, he prayed aloud:

"O Father in Heaven, prove to these people Thy greatness. Give me the power to heal this poor man that they may praise Thee."

Filled with a great faith Peter looked down on the man saying:

"In the name of Jesus Christ of Nazareth, rise up and walk."

Looked down on the man saying.

With these words Peter lifted the man by his right hand and led him to the temple. He was well and sound. The poor beggar could hardly believe it; it seemed he must be dreaming.

Tears of gratefulness sprang into the beggar's eyes.

"O Thou Holy One, O Thou sign of God's power. Thou has healed me," he cried gladly.

Carols of joy that made the temple ring, sprang from his lips, all in praise of God.

The crowd in the temple was stirred and moved. They began gathering around Peter and praising him. Peter did not like that.

"Oh, ye men of little faith," he said, "as if by my own power of holiness this was done! After the proof of my Master's many wonders, can you think this strange?"

The Sick Child

JAIRUS, the Chief Ruler at Capernaum, was very sad because his little daughter was very ill. She was a much-beloved child and although every doctor in the land had been called, they could only shake their heads and say:

"The hope for her life is very dim."

It was then that Jairus heard of the many wonders of the Master and instantly the ruler set out to find Jesus.

Crowds were gathered in the temple, listening and watching, when Jairus came. As the ruler listened, a strong faith seemed to spring up in

him, and making his way to Jesus, he fell at His feet, saying anxiously:

"Master, my little daughter lieth at the point of death. Come and lay Thy hands upon her that she may be healed and shall live."

Jairus spoke in such tones of sadness that Jesus' sympathy went out to him and He started home with the father at once.

The crowds followed Jesus wherever He went, even when called on such an errand. They never stopped bringing their friends and relatives who were ill. On the way to the ruler's house, a woman who had been ill for twelve years came to ask Jesus to make her well and Jesus, seeing her great faith in Him, was filled with a gentle pity and stopped to cure her.

Poor Jairus. He could not understand why Jesus would stop for this. He felt that this cure could wait, but that in the case of his little girl, it was a matter of life and death and a

moment's delay might mean that it would be too late. Yet he said nothing.

They made their way through the crowds now and were just on their way again, when one of Jairus' servants came to meet him with sad news:

"Thy daughter is dead," the servant said, "Trouble now the Master no more."

Jairus was heartbroken. He wrung his hands and cried out in grief, but Jesus comforted him.

"Be not afraid," Jesus said, "only believe."

Hearing these words, Jairus faith sprang up again and he was full of new hope. They hurried on to the home and there, just as the servant had said, they found the little girl had died. All around the house the servants were weeping and mourning for the little girl they loved so well. Jesus saw this and tried to soothe their anguish, saying solemnly:

"Why do you weep? The child is not dead but only sleepeth." Instead of believing and

They made their way through the crowds.

being glad, they only laughed and scorned Him. This must have pained the tender Jesus, but He showed no sign. He sent all the servants out of the room and only Jairus remained. Then moving to where the little girl lay, and taking one of the daughter's little white hands in His, Jesus said tenderly:

"Little girl, I say unto you, arise."

God had again shown His wonderful power that the people might know Him. As if the little girl had only been asleep, she opened her eyes and sat up, and began to speak.

Jairus was so happy he offered Jesus all his wealth, but Jesus would not listen. So the Master went on His way again and Jairus stood long looking after Him, believing that He was indeed the Son of God.

Lazarus

THERE was for many years in Bethany a little cottage famed for the home of Lazarus and his sisters, Mary and Martha. They were the most kindly of hosts and Jesus spent many pleasant hours of pleasant chatter there as a guest. Love dwelled in that happy home and all who came felt merry and cheery.

But the little group came to see some very sad days. Lazarus became so ill that it was feared he could not live much longer. The loving sisters were wrapped in grief.

"If Jesus were only here," Martha said with a sad smile, "Lazarus would never leave us. Jesus would give us strength to bear our sorrow."

"I will seek Him," a neighbor said kindly.

In great haste the man went in search of the Master. When he had found Him and told Him the sad news, Jesus was grieved. He had not known before how much He really loved that little family. Without waiting for anything, Jesus made ready to go.

"I must hurry to Bethany," He told His favorites, "Lazarus needs me at once."

"But it would be a rash and foolish thing," they replied, "the Jews are seeking to slay Thee and they will harm Thee if they find Thee there."

Jesus shook His head.

"There is no time to think of that," he said, and in a few moments was off to the little town.

At the gate of Bethany, Martha came to meet the Master. Her face was very, very sad and her eyes full of tears as she raised them to the Master.

In great haste the man went in search of the Master.

"Dear Lord, if Thou hadst been here our brother would not have died," she sobbed. "He has already been laid away in his grave."

Jesus laid a tender hand upon the fair head of Martha.

"Weep no more, my friend," the Master said, "Thy brother is not dead, he only sleeps."

So wholly did she believe in her Master that her eyes now filled with a light of new hope.

"Canst Thou bring Him back to life again?" she asked.

"Thy faith is strong," Jesus went on, "If thou wilt only believe, thou shalt see the glory of God."

With lighter steps Martha led the way to the quiet little churchyard. They hurried to the tomb and rolled away the great stone that had been placed before it. Martha clung to the Master as if she were afraid He might leave her. In her pleading eyes He saw her great faith.

The great stone that had been placed before it.

Then raising His eyes to heaven, He said softly:

"Father, I thank Thee that Thou heardest me—that they may believe that Thou didst send me."

And in a voice as clear as a bell, He called:

"Lazarus come forth."

At these words Death fled from the tomb like a cold grey mist from the sea and the tomb opened as Lazarus stepped forth.

The Last Supper

IT was the day of the feast of the Pass-Over, a day of gladness and solemn joy. Praises and hymns were being sung and in the hearts of the people was peace and joy, but the heart of the Master was weighed down with grief. The people were weaving wicked plots against Him. He knew that He could flee, go where they could never find Him, but that would not be noble. And too, He did so want to eat the last feast with His loved ones.

Toward evening He gathered His favorites together and they went to the banquet room. Everything had been made ready by Peter and John. There was a long table and low sofas were placed all about. On the table was a nice

fresh cover and it was laid with dinner silver. There were dishes of roast lamb, trays of bread and fruit and glasses of red wine.

Jesus sat at the head of the table, his favorites all around. The joy which marked the feast for them, was all gloom for Jesus. It seemed to grow as the supper went on. His mind was too full of what was about to happen. He knew all about the agony He must go through, all about the wicked schemes. How bitter the next few days would be for Him!

The others had nearly finished their supper by this time but Jesus had not even touched the food. Seeing this, the favorites were troubled.

"Come eat and be merry," they all said.

Jesus was full of sorrow! How could He be merry? He only shook His head and smiled sadly. Then reaching for the bread tray, He did a very strange thing. He broke the bread into bits and passed it to the men. From his lips came softly the saddest of words:

"This is my body which shall be given for you," He said. "Eat this in remembrance of me."

After that Jesus took a cup of wine, and giving thanks to God, He said even more softly and sadly:

"This is my blood which is shed for you. Drink in remembrance of me."

He passed the cup to each one. They all drank as He told them, yet no one spoke a word. It was plain that He was in deep sorrow. Never before had they seen him quite like this. All was silent. They waited for their Master to speak.

At last he spoke.

"Do not be troubled," He said. "Believe in me, for only a little while and I will be with you no longer."

The words choked Him a little. He caught His breath and they saw tears come into the big sad eyes. Even stranger words came now.

"But a little while and one of you shall turn traitor to me," He went on.

They remembered that the Roman's sought His life, but who among the favorites would be so base as to turn traitor? It could not be, they thought. Was one in their midst a spy?

"Is it I? Is it I? they all cried.

But Jesus did not answer. Even at that last moment He hoped that the sinful one would change. He wished that it would all turn out like a dream. Perhaps Judas would prove to be not half so bad as he seemed.

Sad were the hearts of the favorities this night. They had learned to love Him with a new love. He saw their true feelings and now He talked to them tenderly. He told them of how He would soon go to His Father in Heaven to make ready a place of His loved ones. And strangely enough, He told of going, but coming back again.

They had learned to love Him.

There were many things the favorities could not understand, but they listened eagerly. They thought of the blind eyes He had opened, the lame ones He had healed. How many bruised and cut hearts had been healed by the balm of His words! The thought of parting brought tears to their eyes. How lonely the days would be without their dear Master!

But by this time many hours had gone by and it was time to leave.

Peters Deed

IN the dead still night, Peter and the Master wandered down the road. They loved each other dearly and Peter could not bear to think of parting. How dreary the future without his beloved!

"I would that I could follow Thee," Peter said. "I would that I could lay down my life for Thee."

Looking at Peter sadly, Jesus said. "Oh Peter! would that I could believe Thee, but verily, the cock shall not crow before Thou wilt have said three times that Thou has never known me."

These words were spoken in such sadness that they made Peter catch his breath for a second. What strange words, he thought.

* * * * * *

The night had passed and in those terrible hours, they had taken the Master. With weary steps Peter followed the buzzing crowd. How splendid his dear Master had been! Every kind action that had been done by his Jesus, every kind word spoken, it all came back to him now.

The crowd had now reached the home of the high priest and here they stopped. It was still dark, only a little past the hours of midnight, but the whole house was astir. The crowds sat here and there, resting. Peter rested too, but scarcely had he sat down, than a man, remembering that he had seen Peter with Jesus, called out hotly:

"Take this vile man away. Truly he is one of Jesus' friends."

Scarcely had he sat down.

The crowd came forward. Quickly thinking of what they would do if they found him out, Peter answered in peril:

"I know Him not," and he moved away.

Going on down the street, Peter stopped again —at an inn this time. It had grown cold and the red glow of the bright charcoal fire made the inn look cheerful. Again Peter sat down to rest, but no sooner had he been seated, than a servant saw him:

"Thou art a friend of the accused," the servant said.

Peter was again afraid.

"Truly I know Him not," he said again loudly.

But the flames of the fire showed the favorite's face all too plainly, and another man saw him.

"It is true. This man was a friend of Jesus."

Again Peter answered: "I do not even know the man of whom you speak."

The first faint rays of dawn had now come and a cock out in the barnyard crowed loudly over the new mid-summer morning. As the sound reached Peter's ears, the truth came upon him and he remembered the words of a few hours before. "The cock shall not crow before Thou wilt have said three times that Thou has never known me."

Poor Peter! He had not done the one little thing he could have, and that was say that he was a friend of his Master. He bowed himself humbly, ashamed, and asked to be forgiven for that shameful deed. And in that moment there seemed to come to him the flame of the Holy Spirit to take away his sin.

Judas

HE cruel priests sat in the inner temple, waiting for Judas when the door slowly opened and he came in. He was wrapped in a long dark coat with a hood that covered his face for he did not want to be seen entering there. He trembled and seemed frightened. He was miserable and felt guilty, weary of his treachery already.

"It is a rash and foolish thing," he told the priests, "after the way they honored Jesus yesterday. The shouts of joy have scarcely left the city."

"Perhaps we can never take him," said they.

"Oh, yes," he answered, "I have only just left Him and He tarries in the Garden of Gethsemane. There in the darkness you can seize Him."

"But how shall we know Him there in the darkness?" they asked.

"In this way," Judas answered. "Remember, the man whom I shall kiss twice, that is He. Take Him and lead Him away."

Just as Judas had said, Jesus did go to Gethsemane that night. Lonely and heart-broken, He has asked His favorites to stay with Him.

"Tarry here and watch with me," He said.

Oh, the agony of those last bitter hours! So that none could see the great sorrow Jesus sought a darker spot. The great sorrow seemed to crush Him down.

"Father," He cried, "Oh that this hour may pass from me. But not as I will, only as Thou wilt."

Restless in His agony he again went to His favorites, but sleep had come upon them.

"Peter," He said, "Couldst Thou not watch with me only one hour?"

Alone He had to go back into the gloom. He must bear it alone. As He prayed now, fresh courage seemed to come to help Him bear what He knew must now come. Though Judas thought to hide his crime, it was known by the Master.

So when the tramp of feet came over the bridge that led to Gethsemane, Jesus was ready. The torches as they flickered through the trees did not frighten Him, though He knew they were carried by the brutal Roman soldiers. Instead of running away, He went forward to meet them.

"Master, Master!" Judas cried as Jesus came close, and then ran to kiss Him. Two kisses on the right cheek Judas gave Him. The base deed! It came like a stab to Jesus. The soldiers waiting in the darkness, rushed forward. Their swords clanked and with cruel, rough hands they dragged Him away. The kindly Jesus grieved deeply over the rough treatment, but only for

His people. The grief for the sins of His people was far deeper than from the suffering they caused Him.

Before Pilate

AT daybreak the prisoner was brought to Pilate, the governor. Weary and sick at heart, Jesus treaded with heavy feet into the court-room. As He passed down the aisle a guard reached out and struck Him. He! the only one among them without sin to be so cruelly treated.

Before the governor Jesus was now placed.

"Upon what charge do you try this man?" the Governor asked of the crowd in the court-room.

"He aims to overthrow the kingdom saying that He is the King," they shouted.

Pilate looked upon the sad face of Jesus. In his own heart he felt kindly toward the Master

and would have liked to set Him free. Charge after charge was flung against the prisoner, each one more false, and yet Pilate did not find Him guilty.

"I find no fault in Him at all," he said.

Try as the angry throng would, they could prove no fault and Pilate left the room. He would try the prisoner no longer. How good this must have seemed to the friends of Jesus who were there. A bright new hope arose in their hearts.

The mad throng grew restless. Something must be done to prove the prisoner guilty or He might be released. Even if it be done by telling base untruths, they tried to find some wrong He had done. In the hearts of those who hated Him, new and wicked plots were being made, but for a long time no one dared speak. Yet He must not be set free. If He were, He would rise even higher among them and it was that that they feared.

Now from the rear of the room came the words of doom.

"He boasts that He is the Son of God," rang out clearly.

That was enough. There was no need for more reason to send Jesus to the cross. The long trial was ended. A man who dared to say that in those olden days was doomed to a cruel death.

Caiaphas, the high priest, still wanted to be just. He dared not send this man to death on false charges.

"'Sayest Thou that Thou art the Son of God?" he asked sharply.

"I am the Son of God," Jesus answered boldly.

All heard the words plainly and Jesus knew the words would send Him to the cross. Within a moment they had seized Him and dragged Him out. A crown of sharp thorns was pressed

on His head so hard that the blood trickled over His face and they covered him with a cast off robe of purple and cast off jewelry. Down the street they dragged Him, shouting mockingly:

"Hail, the self made King of the Jews."

A crown of sharp thorns was pressed on his head.

On the Cross

GALVARY was only a little way—just outside the city gate. As Jesus dragged His weary feet over the path, He knew that He would never tread that way again. He was being led to the place of death. Before Him marched the stout and fierce Roman soldiers. In their arms they carried the spade and the hammer and nails for the cross. After Him came the throngs, hooting and shouting.

Weighed down, His body almost bent to the ground by the cross, it seemed Christ could go no farther. He swayed this way and that until His bruised shoulders could bear the burden no longer and he sank upon the ground. The

Could bear the burden no longer.

guards forced Him up with cuffs and blows and lashes of the whip.

At last an unknown man, seeing the dear Master in such agony, rushed to His side and carried the cross for Him. The poor and the maimed whom He had once helped turned kindly tear-stained faces. Women by the side of the path, whose chidren He had blessed, looked on in pity. It was all so sad.

When they had come to the place, the soldiers fastened Jesus to the cross. With the heavy hammers they drove long sharp nails through His hands and feet. As the nails pierced His hands, He cried out:

"Father forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Always His thoughts were of His people, even in this terrible hour. The cross was raised and fastened in the ground and the body of Jesus hung high, where it would be seen by all. Above

His head in scorn they nailed a card reading: "The King of the Jews." The bitter jibes and sneers could be heard from all sides.

The cruel work was over but Jesus's suffering had only just begun. Still more they mocked and scorned Him.

"If Thou art the King of the Jews, save Thyself," they cried.

Jesus heard all the bitter words, but they hurt Him little now. The greatest of all His deeds was not yet done. He had not yet died for those people who so cruelly treated Him.

Midday had passed and afternoon had come, the time when the sky was the bluest. Suddenly clouds, as dark as midnight, crept over the sun. A strange rumbling was heard and felt. Never before had this happened and terror came on. The heavens seemed to frown on the awful deed. The skies grew blacker and suddenly there was a flash of blinding light and a

loud crash. The curtain that hung in the Holy of Holies in the temple was torn into shreds. The people were stunned and fled away.

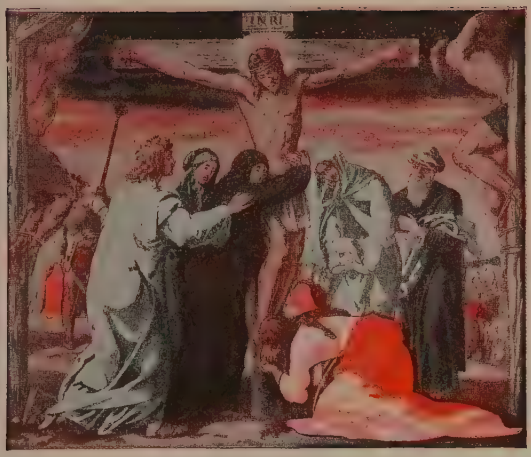
Upon His cross, Jesus understood, but He paid no heed. His mind and heart were filled with other things. None will ever know through what agony he passed in those dark moments. We only know that He cried aloud:

"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken me?"

It seemed as if His Father in Heaven who had always been so close had gone away and left Him alone. He had been able to bear the cruel blows and words but now His heart seemed to burst.

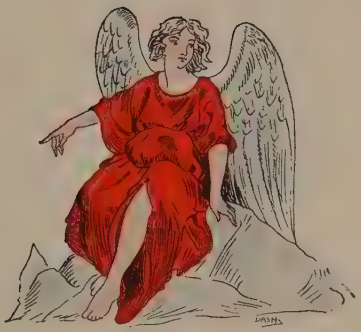
The end was very near now. Only a few moments of deep silence and the His lips came a painful whisper.

"It is finished."



Found his home of the blessed.

His great suffering and agony and His great good work—all was over. He had done all that was needed to save the whole world from sin. Only one more sigh and His tired soul found His home of the Blessed.



The Angel at the Tomb.

Easter Morning

THEY had buried Him in the Garden of Joseph, in a tomb among the roses. It was quiet and cool there and those who loved Him might come to visit His resting place. Mary Magdalene was the first.

Dawn had just sent its first pink rays across the sky when she reached the garden. She had brought with her sweet spices, costly oils and baskets of flowers. This would be her last little kindness to Him who now lay dead and buried. As she thought of it all, the tears came into her eyes and with grief in her heart she went on.

Hardly had she reached the garden gate when she felt the ground shake beneath her feet. A rumble as in an earthquake was heard. Frightened she paused for a moment, but soon

all was still again. The birds sang in wildest joy as they floated over the buds and flowers, and she went on again.

There were the gardener and the guards that had been placed at the tomb, but what was wrong? Pale as death, they rattled on about something she could not understand. Then quick as a flash, she knew. They were speaking of something that had happened to her beloved Master. She crept closer and looking carefully, she saw the empty tomb. The robes in which they had wrapped Him were there but the body was gone. She thought she must be wrong and looked again. She stood for some time keeping her eyes on the tomb. As she thought that she could never see His beloved face again, or even touch Him, though in death, she burst into weeping. Never, never to see Him again! She stooped down to look once more into the tomb.

It had changed! Two silver-winged angels had come and sat where the robes had lain. She was too shocked to speak and turned about.

She would not leave until she knew what had been done with the body. There she thought she saw the gardener again and she started to ask him, but he spoke to her first.

"Why do you weep?" he asked. The gentle kind words gave her a little hope. Her lips quivered.

"Sir," she said, "If they have taken Him away, tell me where they have laid Him."

Her only thoughts were to see Him just once again. She did not look up while she waited for an answer, her eyes were too full of tears. But she heard:

"Mary!"

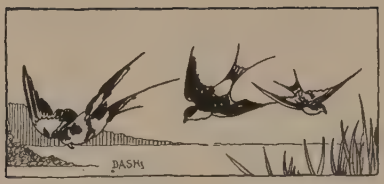
She startled at her name for it came clearly from the lips of Him who had spoken it often before. The voice was only a little softer.

The head that had dropped so wearily was raised. She knew Him. The old grief made way for the new joy. Her memory was awakened by a sudden strong power. She remembered:

"I shall go, but in three days I shall come back to you."

"Jesus," she cried, joy springing wildly into her heart. Her Master had come back to her.

All the gray gloom turned to sunshine. Every nook and corner in the sweet old garden now awoke to the joy. The birds sang their most beautiful songs for this was the first glad Easter morning.

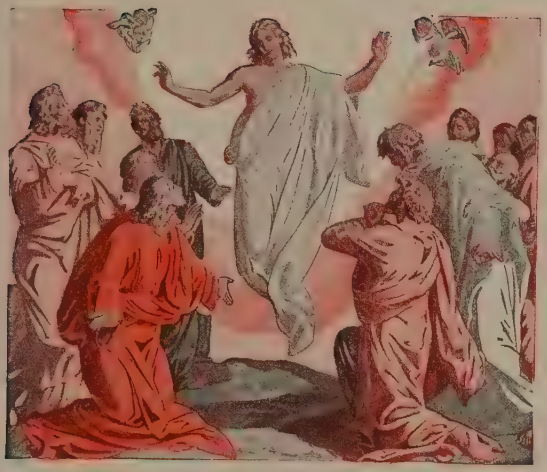


The Message

IT was a wonderful thing that happened this day. All Jesus' favorites were hurrying to Jerusalem for Jesus had told them to come. He had asked that they all be there for He had something wonderful to tell them. They must have wondered what it was, and when they were all gathered, many curious faces looked on.

And suddenly as they looked there came something—something strange. It was still a long way off. If it had not been midday, they would have thought it was the sun just coming up. Now as it drew nearer they saw.

Into their midst Jesus came, looking beautiful



But like those of an Angel.

and peaceful. He had changed so much. Yet they could all still see His old love and sympathy shining.

When He spoke, the words were not those of a man, but like those of an angel. His eyes shone with glory.

"Though you will see me no more," He said, "I will be with you always, even to the end of the world. Go then and teach my people what I have taught you."

He talked to them a long time about the work He wanted them to do. Many times He had charmed those who came to listen but never as He charmed them today. It was God speaking, they knew. He promised that wherever they would go, into the heathen lands, the busy city, the desert, in poverty or pain, He would always be with them.

Being told all that, it seemed to help make them ready for what was to follow.

A strange feeling came over them, as if a holy spirit had settled on them. Jesus had ceased

To the Land of the Blessed.

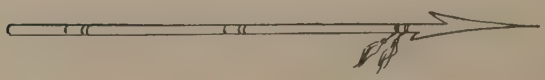
to speak and as they waited silently, they saw Him rise up as if by unseen wings, radiant and joyful. Up, up, up over the gray olive trees, far above them. Higher and higher and through the sunlight. They strained their eyes to follow but a cloud, like a bundle of white wool, came and covered Him. He had gone where there was neither cold nor hunger nor care, to the land of the blessed. They had seen Him for the last time.

Slowly His words came to them:

"Just as I go to my Father in Heaven, I shall come back to you."

That was all they had to look forward to now and in the meantime they would work. Oh! how they would work for their beloved Master till He came again.

FINIS



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